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THE NEGRO MUSIC JOURNAL

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A Monthly Magazine Devoted to the Educational Interest of the Negro Race in Music.

VOL. I WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER, 1902 NO. 1.

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On Virtue.

Phyllis Wheatley

OH, thou bright jewel, in my aim I strive
To comprehend thee; thine own words declare
Wisdom is higher than a fool can reach,
I cease to wonder, and no more attempt
Thine height t' explore, or fathom thy profound.
But, O my soul, sink not into despair,
Virtue is near thee and with gentle hand
Would now embrace thee, hovers o'er thy head.
Fain would the heaven-born soul with her converse,
Then seek, then court her for her promised bliss.

Auspicious queen, thine heav'nly pinions spread,
And lead celestial Chastity along;
Lo! how her sacred retinue descends,
Arrayed in glory from the orbs above.
Attend me, Virtue, thro' my youthful years!
O, leave me not to the false joys of time!
But guide my steps to endless life and bliss.
Greatness, or Goodness, say what shall I call thee,
To give a higher appellation still?
Teach me a better strain, a nobler lay,
O, thou! enthroned with cherubs in the reals of day.

The Art of Violin Playing.

Clarence Cameron White*

WHEN I think of the immensity of this subject, I must ask my readers to remember that I do not intend to write about all the various points that go to make up artistic violin playing, for that would take up more room or rather more time than I could be allowed. However, there are certain points which every ambitious violin student should know, if he wishes to be an artistic performer on the "King of Instruments."

The same points must also be known by any one who would listen intelligently to a violinist and be able to judge when one is listening to artistic playing or mere "fiddling."

First allow me to speak of the most essential thing that produces artistic playing—THE BOW. When the violin student begins to realize how very important the bow is, and how much really depends upon the complete control of it, just so soon does he begin to understand the beauties of tone production, which means artistic playing.

As Casorti says in his book on Bow Technic, "The bow represents in a measure the human voice! Through it the tone of the violin is produced. With the bow great artists captivate, charm and enrapture the hearers." The bow has *all* to do with tone color. Those of my readers who are violinists try and produce the same tone three times and make each one of a different tone quality and see if the secret of it all does not lie in the bow. After a careful study of what we call "right hand technic," or "bow technic," in such books as Schradieck and Casorti, we should have a very good control of the bow and know something of artistic shading.

A good left hand technic is the result of a great amount of practice on scales, arpeggios, thirds and all of the "double-stop" playing we encounter in David, Shradieck, Sercik, Kreutzer, Rorello, Fiorillo, &c. I believe that scales, arpeggios, and either Shradieck or Sercik will do wonders towards developing a fine left hand technic. I would recommend Sercik for strengthening the fingers. Since hearing the violinist, Kubelic, who was Sercik's pupil, and he is indeed a master pupil, we appreciate all that Sercik might do for a left hand technic.

Since we have briefly gone over that most important part to the student, we must give our attention to the part which makes an artist out of an amateur and also the part which when better understood by our audiences, will discourage the appearance in public of some of our violinists who merely dazzle our brains with "musical gymnastics."

We have all heard the very true saying that "the violin is next to the human voice." I am sure that we all believe this. It is too true to doubt. Then let us all stop and think! If the violin is nearer the human voice than any other instrument, then, the better we can imitate the human voice, the more artistic our playing. If a player can touch our hearts with his violin playing, as much as a sweet singer, then we recognize the artist in the player. Listen to a well-trained singer and notice the different kinds of tones she, or he, produces. Notice the shading and expression certain passages have. Don't you think that if a violinist can produce the same effects in playing, he is nearer the really artistic than the player whose tones all sound alike?

Frequently, we hear violinists whose playing comprises runs, trills and so forth, and for the moment we are carried away by a brilliant technic (providing the runs and trills are executed properly), but if that player does not touch our hearts, we go away from the concert and—forget!

I call to mind a criticism on a German violinist, whose playing always meant a series of runs and trills and nothing more. The London papers said of his appearance there: "In listening to the playing of Mr. [So

*Clarence Cameron White, the writer of this interesting and instructive article, is a Negro graduate of Oberlin Conservatory of Music, Oberlin, Ohio. He is now a resident of Washington, D. C., and is busily engaged as a violin soloist and teacher.—Editor.

and So], we are aware that he plays only to the heads and not to the hearts of his hearers." I have often thought that was a very correct as well as original way of expressing it. We find so many violinists who play to our heads, and *not* to our hearts.

As well as the art of artistic playing, there is the art of listening on the part of our audiences. Let us cultivate our ears to all that is really beautiful and finished. Listen with a critical ear and in that way our musical standard is to be brought up. When the violinist, singer or pianist realizes that you are listening to him with a critical ear, and that you know what artistic playing and finish means, he is going to be more sincere in his work and he will realize that he must play to your hearts and not to your heads only. A great musician has said that any one could acquire technic, who would practice "twenty hours a day for twenty years." Be that as it may, the true artist is reflected in his tone. in that, he brings out the beauties of the composition as he sees, hears and feels them, and in this way we recognize the amateur, the artist and the great artist.

There is a great deal more that can be said on this subject, but I will leave that for another time. Let us remember that no matter how humble our sphere maybe we can do good by being intelligent listeners and by fostering the arts and improving public taste.

S. Coleridge Taylor,—A Sketch.

H. J. Storer

AMONG several young composers that are making a reputation in England at the present time, the one most promirently mentioned is Samuel Coleridge Taylor, who has rapidly come to the front by his setting Longfellow's poem of "Hiawatha," in the form of a cycle of several sections.

This cycle has caused much comment in English musical circles, and Coleridge Taylor's reputation has now extended to this country, for, at least two numbers of "Hiawatha" cycle have been heard in Boston, and other places. There are many who have heard the performances by the Cecelia of the "Wedding Feast" and "Hiawath's Departure," during the past year, and for the benefit of those who have not read what fragmentary information exists about Coleridge Taylor, from English sources, a few facts concerning his career may be of interest.

Samuel Coleridge Taylor was born in the city of London, on Aug. 15, 1875, and is now in his twenty-sixth year.* His father was a full-blooded African, a doctor of medicine, and a native of Sierra Leone on the west coast of Africa. His mother was English, and the son possesses many of the peculiar characteristics of both races from which he is descended. Like many another composer who has acquired a reputation, Coleridge Taylor showed early indications of musical ability though how he became possessed of his many musical gifts is difficult to say, as the composer once remarked in an interview that none of his ancesters were musical.

At the age of six years, young Taylor began the study of the violin, being especially fond of this instrument. His first instructor was Joseph Beckwith, an excellent teacher, of Croydon, Surrey, a place of considerable musical activity.

In addition to his violin studies, at the age of ten, having a pleasing voice, Taylor became one of the choristers of St. George's Church, London, and remained there until his change of voice. Since then he has developed what is known as the male alto voice and now sings at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Croydon.

*This article was published in 1901, which found him in his twenty-sixth year. We will note that August 15 of this year, (1902) made S. Coleridge Taylor twenty-seven.

In 1890, Taylor entered the Royal Academy of Music, London, as a violin student. It was at this time that the creative talent began to assert itself, he decided to compete for a composition scolarship, which he won in 1893. He now, under the guidance of C. Villiers Stanford, studied composition dilligently for four years. His first published composition is believed to have been a setting of "In Thee, O Lord, Have I Put My Trust." Since 1894, he has written, so far as can be ascertained, nearly forty works of various kinds. Those that are published include a ballad in D-minor for violin and orchestra, four waltzes for orchestra, operetta, "Dream Lovers," three Hiawatha sketches and three humoresques for pianoforte solo, three rhapsodies for low voices and pianoforte entitled, "In Memoriam" the cycle of Hiawatha music to Longfellow's poem, besides several minor songs, anthems and piano pieces.

Among his still unpublished works, (at least no record of the publication exists so far as is known) the more important are: a symphony in A-minor, a quintet for clarinet and strings, a nonet for piano, strings and wind-instruments. These have all been heard in England, and the clarinet quintet was given in Berlin during the season of 1897-98 by Joachim's direction. He has also written a ballad for orchestra, performed at the Gloucester festival in 1898.

This list of Coleridge Taylor's compositions is probably incomplete but includes the more important up to date. The Hiawatha music and some of the church anthems probably are all of the works that have as yet been heard in America. The Hiawatha music bids fair to become well known.

* * * * * * *

He has characteristics of an Anglo-African to a great degree. He is a fluent writer and his scores are written in a very clear, thorough fine and delicate hand. Mr. Taylor is now living in Croydon, where he is professor of the violin of the Academy of Music of that city. He is said to be a pleasant man to meet socially, is well informed on musical and and other matters, and is an interesting conversationalist. At twenty-five, he has already made an enviable reputation as a composer being both melodic and original and his orchestraction is exceedingly pleasing. He shows no influence of Brahms in his compositions which may seem strange as the London Royal Academy of Music, where Taylor studied, is a hot-bed of Brahms worshippers, and most students of that institution compose under a decided Brahms influence. Taylor in his work shows the influence of no one, except in perhaps a slight degree of Dvorak. The strong point about his music is its freedom from reminiscent features; it speaks for itself in its own fashion. If he lives he has a most promising artistic future.—By permission of THE MUSICAL RECORD AND REVIEW.

Life

As the snow that softly falls,
From the heavens above;
Then mysteriously steals away
From our company and love,
So unto is Life.

Perseverance as Taught by the Lives of the Masters.

W. F. Gates

THE lot of the great composers has been, as a general thing, one of trial and sometimes of want. Theirs have been, in the majority of cases, lives of obstacle in environment, sometimes of physical ailment, and often of poverty of financial resources. But out of all this has grown a glorious heritage for their followers for all time. And their place in the history of music was achieved not alone by their natural endowments, though that did much, but by their faith in their art and in themselves, and especially by their indomitable perseverance.

We can have no more apt illustrations of the saying: "Genius is the infinite capacity for taking pains" than are given in the lives of the masters of music. And not only did they have that kind of genius, but, added to that, the capacity for taking pains infinitely long, as long as life remained to them. In witness to this, note the work in the latter years of the lives of Bach, Handel, Haydn, and Beethoven. Loss of friends, loss of position, loss of money,—these things did not affect their working powers; nor did the loss of sight, of hearing, or of general health deter them from continuing their labors of composition.

Of the twenty or twenty-five greatest musicians that can be named, how many were there that did not have to fight their way through poverty, and perhaps parental indifference or neglect? Not many.

But prominent among these few stand Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Chopin and Liszt. It is not always that perseverance and poverty go hand in hand, but it does almost seem that these two things must be found in conjunction to produce a great composer, so frequently has it been the case.

Bach

First in perseverance, as well as first in counterpoint, comes that fountain-head of all modern music, J. S. Bach. His loss of parents and the repression of an overzealous brother, the struggles for position and income, all these are no new tales to the student who has entered the attractive field of musical biography. And right here let us say that the liking or neglect of this line of reading is a pretty good test of the earnestness of a music student's intentions as well as of the solidity of his acquirements.

Bach's life might be called one of fair content, judging from the standpoint of the musician of that day; but we would call it one of poverty, for the year's salary of this prince of organists would be sneered at by a modern fourth-rate manipulator of pedals, and not considered adequate compensation for a month's engagement.

The perseverance that led Bach as a child to copy his brother's music by moonlight that he might have it as his own, went with him through his long life, enabling him to turn out the hundreds of compositions that are the wonder, the admiration, and the text-books of his successors. He was held in honor among his fellow townsmen; and yet it was not long until his very burial place was forgotten; and when his wife came to her grave, it was at the town's expense.

Handel

In spite of parental opposition, in spite of failure to keep the approbation of the public, in spite of financial ruin, the life of Handel was a success because of his unconquerable perseverance. After his experience in Germany and Italy, there came the operatic successes in England, and then

the operatic failure, when the public took after other gods. But he did not give up. Out of this failure arose the greater successes of his monumental oratorios. And they made another fortune for him. Nor did he give way when he lost his sight. His life was one of storm and stress, as every operatic manager's must be, and every operatic composer's. But there was nothing that could quench his persevering ardor.

Haydn

If one wanted to find a monumental example of continuous application under difficulties he might as well at once to the record of the early life of Joseph Haydn, for there it is.

Thrust out of the church school in which he had sometime sung, on account of his change of voice, as a mere boy he knew what it was to live in a garret and on a mere crust and that, the crust of charity. How many boys of his age would, under these circumstances, have given themselves heart and soul to the study of the masters that had preceded? Day after day he kept at his self-imposed task as he managed to get hold of the books. And though having no regular instruction, by industry and observation and natural talent, he made himself a master of his art. He was not ashamed to do the chores or black the boots of a Porpora in order to catch the crumbs of instruction that fell from that noted teacher's table. It was *such* perseverance that laid the foundation of the "Creation" that came from his pen when he was an old man of sixty-nine years, and the "Seasons" when he was seventy-two. And, more than this, it was the spirit of mastering details and knowing no weariness in study that made it possible for Haydn to earn the title "Father of the Sonata."

Mozart

And Mozart! How pitiable his life of ill-repaid effort compared to the achievements in that short life. He was rich in having sensible and capable parents. They could educate the wonderful genius put into their hands, but they could not endow him with position or income. His, was a life full of disappointments and of non-appreciation in high quarters, and at home an incapable wife and an empty cupboard. And yet the genius that was in him and the capacity and eagerness for work gave Mozart a name hardly second to any. He was not the steady plodder that some were, for he was not in love with the manual part of labor, but he knew not how to weary of mental work, and the great virtuosity he achieved shows the perseverance of his nature.

Beethoven

And this lesson of perseverance is repeated only more strongly in the life of that wonderful boy of Bonn. Reared in the family of a shiftless drunkard, sometimes making his home in the household of kind friends who appreciated his genius, fighting against the sneers of his contemporaries, and finally a lonely old bachelor without the comforts of home, but writing on, writing, writing, writing, even though too deaf to hear a note of those immortal works he was penning, in all this Beethoven showed himself a mountain of energy and perseverance. His life was one of continuous strife against environment and of battle with obstacles, real and imaginary. Had he given up the battle when a boy living virtually on charity, or when an eccentric student in Vienna, or when misunderstood in his earlier compositions, or when deprived of health and hearing —then we should not now know the name of Beethoven, and some one else would have inherited the title, "Shakespeare of Music." But the secret of it all was in the one thing—he stuck to it. He persevered.

Schubert

Perhaps no biography of a musician reveals more that is pathetic than does the life of Schubert. This is not the place to dwell on the unpleasant features of his life, but, in order to understand the amount of persevering work that it contained, it is necessary to refer to the obstacles and the discouraging environment that we find there recorded. When we leave the scores and hundreds of works that came in a continuous stream from Schubert's pen, and turn to the man himself and read of the surroundings amid which this under-paid school-teacher lived and thought his glorious crea-

tions into being, we may well bow our heads in reverance before the genius and the perseverance that brought the genius to full fruition. Schubert, in some respects the most richly endowed of the great composers, may be likened to a flower that springs up beside the wayside, and though overshadowed by some more gaudy growth, perhaps trodden by careless foot, yet sends ont in the air the most delicious perfume as long as its obscure life remains.

Schumann

Robert Schumann was another who met with parental opposition to his study of music. But he hammered away at it until this obstacle was overcome. Then in his eagerness to acquire a piano-technic with more than ordinary rapidity, his hands were so lamed that the career of a virtuoso was forever closed to him. Turning his entire attention to composition, by his perseverance in study he gave us symphonies that stand second only to Beethoven's and a host of lesser works. Out of the grave of his aspirations for virtuosity was born his fame as a composer. Schumann's perseverance is well illustrated in his manner of winning his wife in the face of the active and unrelenting opposition of her father. And still more is it shown in the warfare he waged with his pen in the cause of good music.

Wagner

Though still other names and incidents might be cited to show how the music of the world is the result of masterly perseverance. I will not content myself with mentioning but one more, that of Richard Wagner.

Perhaps none of the great composers embodied more nervous energy or more of faith in themselves and their ideals than did this big, little man: big in his mind, but small in his body; big in his capacity for work, but little in his capacity for defeat; big in his perseverance, but little in his laziness. We would admire the results of this man had he been born with a golden spoon in his mouth, as the saying is, and had he had the educative and flattering environment of Mendelssohn; but as it was, he had none of these. He started at absolute zero-point, save in his own faith in himself and his ideals, and in his immense power for work. From this point he literally hewed out his road. He tells us that he eked out a slender existance by arranging tunes for piano and cornet, but all the while revolving in mind those mighty works that have made him famous for all ages. And now he might see Paris, which called him "the crazy musician," and where he ate his crust in the garret, greedily enjoying the works that she hooted for many years. From that crust to a palace, the life of Wagner offers us one of the most shining examples of the absolute triumph of perseverance over obtacles.

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INITIAL APPEARANCE

With this issue THE NEGRO MUSIC JOURNAL makes its debut. It is natural for one to desire to know the object of our new enterprise; hence we will sketch briefly the purpose of THE NEGRO MUSIC JOURNAL. It has been the editors' anxiety for many years to do something that would help our race towards a better knowledge and appreciation of the musical art: therefore, after several years study and investigation we have established THE NEGRO MUSIC JOURNAL—a monthly magazine, devoted to the educational interest of our race in music. Since the Negro has newspapers and magazines devoted to other interests than those of music, and as music is a language spoken and loved by all humanity, irrespective of nationality, there is no reason why our race should not have, and be willing to support a journal devoted to the educational interest of the art in which our forefathers found so much consolation during the darker days; an art which has cherished humanity ever since man has been man; an art that is the voice of the celestial choirs; an art that is destined to live as long as man exists; and lastly an art that will ever be instrumental in the culture of our natures and the broadening of our intellects.

CONTRIBUTIONS

As we desire every music teacher, educator, ernest student and music lover in general, to share in the building and maintenance of this music journal, we kindly solicit articles or contributions, (bearing on music, music-teaching and study) from all sources.

SUGGESSIVE THEMES

A few suggessive themes for essays might succor some thinkers. Articles will be welcomed upon the voice, piano, organ, violin, orchestra, the choir, choral society, musical clubs, Negro slave songs, musical history and biography, theory, teaching, studying, correct interpretation, phrasing, pedalling, musical literature, etc. All of these subjects can be sudivided into others, which will give the thinking teacher and educator life-time material for developement.

VARIETY OF CONTENTS

We shall endeavor to make each issue as interesting and educational as possible. Themes shall be chosen for each number that will stimulate and interest the parent, student, teacher and music lover. Our teachers need new helps and new inspiration, in order to do justice to their pupils; our students need other thourhts and assistance than the teacher can supply; our parents need a better knowledge of the art, that they may understand how to chose a teacher, how to encourage the child; how better to appreciate the art; and the music lover should know what to love and why he should love it:—here it is, that THE NEGRO MUSIC JOURNAL will help these various classes towards a correct and intelligent knowledge of the art.

Our race has many whose experiences, if given to the public, would calm the hearts of many and fire in them NEW INSPIRATION.

THE WRITING HABIT

Our teachers should begin to encourage the writing habit. Above all things, the teacher should be explanatory in his method of imparting knowledge, for the ability to write correctly one's thoughts, gives in return a greater power to make clear to others any intricate problem, that may, at any time, confront the pupil. Write about the things that greatly impress you and which you know most about. Observe the peculiarities of each individual pupil; note how each one approaches a problem; what helps and hints he may need in order to surmount the obstacles such a problem might present. Notice how your pupils are effected by encouragement, discouragement, fear, nervousness, sickness, fatigue, etc. Such observations enriched by dwelling in a fertile mind, when brought to others' attention through the means of a music journal, will surely improve their habits of thought, inspire them towards much greater and better efforts and in the end make not merely musical-machines of them, but instead, intelligent, energetic, observing students, parents or music lovers.

PAST AND PRESENT ACHIEVEMENTS

The name, THE NEGRO MUSIC JOURNAL, does not imply that nothing pertaining to the past and present achievements of other nationalities will be printed in its pages: but on the contrary, we desire to help our people to understand the musical art as it is: to trace her development from the very beginning, writing and talking about all the characters that have been instrumental in its development and preservation. We especially desire to give prominence to all worthy achievements of the Negro, both of the past and present, but not without our people having a knowledge of forces, powers and intellects that have made most of the Negro achievements possible.

A WORD TO OUR TEACHERS

We hope that our teachers will give special attention to the biographical and historical sides of the musical art, as we should like to put before our readers masterly sketches of the past and present musicians.

LOOKING BACK

In order that our readers may know what has been done in the fields of musical clubs, choral societies and orchestras, we beg that the management of such organizations have a sketch of the organization, its object, the names, and character of the compositions the same has performed, from time to time, with all other information you feel would interest our people, forwarded to our Journal and such will be published for the enlightenment of others, as to what has been done in these musical circles.

MUSICAL NOTES

We will publish under the heading, "Musical Notes" the doings of music teachers in their respective fields, if such information is forwarded to our office.

If you desire a good companion in your home, subscribe for THE NEGRO MUSIC JOURNAL—yearly subscription, $1.00.

The writer of the poem, "On Virtue," on the front page, is Phyllis Wheatley, who was shipped from Africa to Boston in 1761. There she was bought by Mrs. John Wheatley who recognized her talent for poetry and helped her towards success. Thereby in Miss Wheatley we have our first Negro poet of whom any knowledge can be obtained. Her poems have won the appreciation of the world's best judges.

Nature is weak,—we are obliged to dose ourselves with stimulants. A magazine is our best stimulator. When our ambition begins to sicken, let us drink freely of it; thus we will renew that ambition, which we had partially lost, and receive more.

SPREADING THE NEWS

Tell your friends about THE NEGRO MUSIC JOURNAL—subscribe for it and have them do likewise. Assist its circulation every way you can. We will be pleased to mail a circular giving information, to any address you may forward to us.

Music in The Home

J. Hillary Taylor

THE home is the nursery in which has been nourished to maturity the profoundest intellects of all ages. It is the school in which generations to come, will receive their principal education. The environments of a home effect the outcome of the individuals of that home. If the environments are good and conducive to purity of character, stability of purpose and the possession of Christian Faith, then it is a home whose products will ever be of worth to themselves and to humanity.

If on the contrary, the environments of a home are pernicious to the individuals who dwell therein, the product of such a home will be its own foe. This condition of affairs proves that the ideal home must have as a foundation—GOOD ENVIRONMENTS.

Coming to music, we find that it has ever been a potent factor in the culture and environment of the home. Ever since man has existed, it is supposed there has been some form of music—first, melody or vocal music; later, music produced through means of percussion; and lastly, that awakened by the vibration of reeds or strings.

The development of the musical art has been slower than that of the other fine arts, as literature, painting, etc., but nevertheless, its progress has been ever upward and today it promises to hold an important place alongside the other fine arts: yet one cannot say it is understood and appreciated as much as the other arts: as Krehbiel has written: "Of all the arts, music is practiced the most, and thought about the least." It is for this very reason, the Editors have put THE NEGRO MUSIC JOURNAL before our people. Through its pages there will be published, from time to time, talks and discussions bearing upon all sides and phases of music-art. We shall endeavor to get the majority of our people interested in that class of music which will purify their minds, lighten their hearts, touch their souls and be a source of joy to them forever. It is the music of yesterday and today, or in other words, the music of the old masters like Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart and others: the music of today as given us by S. Coleridge Taylor, Grieg, Chaminade, Saint Saens, Paderewski, McDowell, Mrs. Beach and others, these names being only a few of the many great and good composers and musicians the world has given us.

That our homes may become cultured ones, we should allow only the purest and best in music, and in all of the other arts, to have an abode there. The day of low, trivial, popular music, should be cast aside forever. The best music need not be dry, dead, nor difficult, for one can find all styles and emotions expressed in the better art.

The reason the majority of us do not appreciate the best music is, that we do not hear it often enough. If we could hear the best music as much as we do the common-place, we would soon learn to appreciate and value it, for its own sake. Seek to hear the best music performed as often as you can, then surely as the stars shine on a clear night, you will in time, come to love and cherish it. We do not know whether we would like a new food or not, until we have tasted it. So with good music; live with it; engage teachers who teach it; go to concerts and recitals, where it is performed; have it in your churches; study it in your choral societies and musical clubs, then a day will eventually come when you will neither want to hear nor play any music that is not up to the standard of that which is purest and best in the art.

It is the home that can work wonders towards a reformation in any direction. Pray, our homes will work wonders towards cherishing, practising, buying, studying, absorbing and loving the best music of both the old and new composers.

Music

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low:
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the Soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds,
Pours balm into the bleeding Lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine War no more our passions wade,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.

—Pope

When griping Grief the Heart doth wound,
And doleful Dumps the Mind oppress,
Then Music, with her silver sound,
With speedy help doth lend redress.

—Shakespeare

Music!—oh! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should Feeling ever speak,
When thou can'st breathe her Soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are ev'n more false than they;
Oh! 'tis only Music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray!

—Moore

Through every pulse the Music stole,
And held sublime communion with the Soul,
Wrung from the coyest Breast the imprison'd sigh,
And kindled rapture in the coldest Eye.

—Montgomery

Fable of A Country Musicale.

Elizabeth James

IN the heart of Maryland, on a quiet little spot, unknown to the greater part of the busy world; many years ago was born one whom the world now calls a great musician. Many know of him; have listened to the rendition of his sweet, and emotional interpretation of his favorite masters. Some have even played many of his compositions, with pleasure: but few there are who know of how our present musician attained the honors he now holds.

His story is in many particulars quite different from the masters. His life started in a rude manner like this.—Arthur was the son of a very poor Negro farmer. The Payne family was large, poverty claimed them for its own. Farmer Payne lived on the farm of a rich man, keeping up the work for one-third of the profit. The farming, he did, to to the best of his ability. Now there were twelve children to share in that wretched little mite. For I will not forget to tell you that the farm was poor, also farmer Payne's untutored manner of farming was somewhat responsible for the little profit. But you must not blame him for that; it had not been his good fortune to have been taught anything that necessitated the use of letters.

In spite of Mr. Payne's lack of knowledge, nature had endowed him with a thoroughly sweet voice, and through her (Nature's) mysterious direction, he used that voice correctly. He was, because of this, a source of happiness to the entire neighborhood, his home being a resort for the neighboring folks: and many nights were spent in what we shall be tempted to call—musicales. These, musicales we will call them, were conducted in this manner:—

There was an old man on the place called Uncle Joe. His part in the performance was to play the fiddle. The next in importance was a younger fellow, who was keenly alive to the sense of rhythm: this one came in finely when a gig was desired. Then he would display his ability by a regular clapping together of the hands with an alternate pat of the foot.

Rude as were these signs of music, they awoke the emotions of our present musician, Arthur Payne.

While these musical feats were in operation Arthur, the lad of five years, peeped down through the crack of the ill-made floor, gazing upon them. You know, these musicales happened at night and Arthur had been put to bed; but poor little fellow, he could not sleep while all of that was going on. Besides, he could see the fiddler who not only made sweet sounds, but was interesting in every particular.

Uncle Joe was peculiarly earnest about the fulfillment of his position. He would get himself in a chair, near a corner, rest his back against the chair, slide himself a little to the front of it, giving ease and a plenty of room to cross his legs. Then he would throw his head a little to the side, give the bow one sharp snatch across the fiddle, which seemed to have meant he was going to play his favorite. I will have to add that one foot and his head played all the notes his bow seemed unable to bring out: for his bow had but few, Arthur tells us, the most striking ones to him being "cha-cha-chidlum-cha."

However, these were sufficient to attract Arthur's attention, for after several glorious peepings through the crack, he endeavored to make himself one of those fiddles: using corn-stalk for the construction of the instrument. So he would roam through the corn-

field hunting and selecting the kind of stalk he wanted for his fiddles. Then he would get out in the woods under the beautiful trees where heaven smiled down on his humble efforts, throwing over him her deep blue sky and keeping him warm with the glory of her sun. He was able to satisfy himself with the construction of the instrument; but found out that he was in a much worse condition than Uncle Joe; for his fiddle, would not even say "cha, cha." Anyhow, he consoled himself by using the bow and allowing his mouth to make up for the deficiency.

The next instrument Arthur attempted, came to him through mere accident. A comb was easily gotten; and through a simple desire to amuse himself he put a piece of paper over the comb and put it to his mouth, singing at the same time. To his wonder and surprise a sound, which he had begun to love, came forth: he tried it again and his joy was immeasurable, for he was sure he had found an instrument which would "whip" Uncle Joe's.

This instrument kept Arthur well supplied in music until he was nine years old. At this age his family moved to Washington, D. C., as life seemed more promising for them there, and schools could be easily attended. This movement was an invaluable step for Arthur; it gave him the real start for his educational advancement. His elder sisters had been trying to teach him while they were in the country, but he would allow himself to be taught, only when there was no possible way of escaping it. All lessons except music seemed too much trouble. He was warned before reaching the city, that all schools had under them dark dungeons filled with goats; therein were put all pupils who would not study. This warning worked a miracle for Arthur, for he was dreadfully afraid of goats, and told himself that certainly such a large place as that school he saw could hold hundreds of goats under it. Therefore, in order to escape being introduced to those goats, he immediately began to study his lessons: and often when telling this story, Arthur would say: "And I have been trying to learn something, ever since."

The school lessons so caught Arthur's attention that he failed to recognize the music any more seriously than the other lessons. It seems that he entirely forgot what music had been to him, for several years, until one day the music teacher selected him for a member of a glee club. The memory of his early days in music flashed through Arthur's mind and he determined to start now afresh, for here was chance for good instruction. Thus we have the beginning of Arthur's real effort for music. The first real steps were then taken.

At one of the houses much visited by Arthur, there was a young man who although blind was a good performer on the piano, and best of all, his tuition had been founded on substantial basis. It was he who began to teach Arthur what he was obliged to call lines and spaces. With him, Arthur puzzled out the position of the notes on the keyboard. This done, he soon began to perform well on the piano. There was added to this a regular attendance of the city concerts in their season. The singing at the club—afterwards, the singing in a choir,—placed him again in a world of music.

In a few years after this, Arthur graduated from the Washington High School and began the more serious study of music. He had already acquired a comparatively good amount of technic. Special study soon made it possible for him to play in public in his own city, and to be well received as an amateur.

This reception of his local audience gave him courage and hope in his ability. So without conceit, but with pure, honest confidence in his ability, he traveled North for further study. In the North, for some time, he lived in oblivion and dead, as it were, to his Washington friends.

* * * * * * *

After several years one heard Arthur spoken of only very seldom. Then would come the inquiry:—

"I wonder where he is now?"

"I don't know, indeed: He may be dead!" was always the answer.

This way of thinking was continued until one September a theatre bill flourished around town with the heading:—

A New Sensation!!!
The Latest Symphony of Arthur Payne—To be conducted under his baton with an Orchestra of ninety Negro Musicians.

"Is that the Negro, Arthur Payne, who used to play around town here?" was now the question.

"Yes," answered one who had kept abreast with the musical journals, "it is the same Arthur Payne. Is it possible you have not heard of nor performed any of his compositions?"

Music as an Educator and Moral Builder

Agnes Carroll

THE purest of education may not be confined to the acquisition of book knowledge for in its true and higher sense, education is elevation of the moral and intellectual perceptions instigating to those lofty aims that lead to all the pleasurable attainments imagination pictures."—Verdi, from "The Great Opera."

Education, as generally defined, means the development of the mind faculty.

In this day of confusion when one is wavering between the industrial and artistic education, it is difficult to decide what does most for the development of the mind. But in my opinion, music is a something which belongs to the people at large. All men are inclined towards music in some form or other. The musician lives with it always; but the industrial worker gives forth his snatches of song now and then when his mind finds a little time to partially divert its entire attention, from the labors in hand.

Therefore, if it be true, that we are all natural-born lovers of music, (for if we are not, we are decidedly unnatural) let us see if we cannot utilize this heavenly gift into a more valuable power than we are sometimes wont to think on it. If we will do nothing more than think over the words of some one of the old familiar church hymns, can we do so without enlightening the mind? which in other words means we are becoming educated. For instance, can we ever live long enough to absorb the strength, soul and Godliness of those words:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee
E'en though it be a cross, that raiseth me."

You might go on with me and try to recall (if it has been your sad experience) how one feels, when following the body of some dear loved one, from the church. The choir slowly and mournfully gives forth these words:

"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

The hearts of the listeners are lifted in prayer towards heaven, that the soul of the dear deceased, is nearer its God. And when the words,

"E'en though it be a cross,"

are given, we in submission bow our heads and recognize that the pain we are suffering is our cross; but resolving that since such pain will raise us to the glory of heaven we are willing to bear it. And so on we might go with other verses of this hymn and numerous other hymns. There are few hymns sung in our churches which if analyzed and studied thus, through the hours of our daily duties, would not make excellent moral scholars of us. And one who has the mental capacity for reasoning from a moral standpoint is never a dummy from a general standpoint, though I am afraid that the generally educated being will sometimes laugh at his morally gifted friend and try to make him think himself such. Do not mind

that, in his heart such a being who has unfortunately missed the sweetness of moral training, feels his own emptiness and envies those who force him to recall the truth to mind.

Thus far, I have sketched over with you a few points on how music can educate, meaning developing the brain and enlightening the moral faculty through song. We can readily see this through song, for it appeals to our natural instinct. Were we more with the instrumental music we would see that it has the same effect, for every composition the intelligent listener hears, brings to his mind an imagination of its meaning. This imagination allows him to follow the performer into sweet dreams, be they joyful or mournful, for know you not there is something sweet in sorrow? After all sorrow truly developes the character, while gladness has its sweetness, in as much as it gives rest as does sleep,—rest so we can sorrow some more; sleep, so we can work some more.

To think on, music from a technical standpoint, is there any art or science which demands more concentration for correct performance? Is there any which demands more accuracy or carefulness of detail?

Reflecting upon the vocal side of the art, we find that our composers have taken for their inspiration the highest types of prose and poetry. It is now a selection from the Bible, from some great poet and so on. It is useless to say that the mind must necessarily become developed in its effort to grasp the meaning of these many authors: for we truly love and appreciate only that which we understand. Therefore, it becomes compulsory for us to read and understand the words which have been set to music. As we understand the words, we begin to imagine how the composer has set these words; then singing the melody we have the pleasure of seeing how well we have been able to anticipate the composer's interpretation of these words.

Aside from the puzzling out of easier poems it sometimes becomes necessary for us to look up references with which we might not be fully acquainted. This being done, our minds are broadened, for we are compelled to find there some other information we most likely value: and so on we travel into the realms of —we know not where.

These are the characteristics for the which all educators select different branches of study for the development of the mental faculty; then, if Music has all of these characteristics why do we undervalue it?

It has them, and in a sweetly entertaining form, far more so than many others. Why not embrace it?

Music's Charm.

Ringing in mine ear come sounds,
That thrill my weary heart:
Sounds of music, ever sweet!
From Apollo's Golden Harp.

Oh, Music! tell me of thy birth!
Of thy Power and Charm!
That man, that beast, that bird!
Are euraptur'd, in thy arm.

J. H. T.

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